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TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

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1858.

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PARTNERSHIP.—The undersigned
have this day formed a Co-partnership,
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for the purpose of conducting a GENERAL COM-
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patronage; pledging ourselves to prompt
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him in his power to give satisfaction. Work
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the State of N. C.
J. J. GRANDY.

POETRY.

POETIC APOTHEGEMS.

BE SURE IF YOU'RE SLOW, EVER PAY AS YOU
GO.

You'll get along fast if you get along so;
The cares of the debtor you never will
know.

While you can exclaim, "Not a man do I
owe."

CONSCIENCE.
You may cradle conscience, however you
will,
With sophistry soothe it, and bid it be
still;

From lullabys all no advantage you'll
reap.

You never, no never, can rock it to sleep.

BORROWING.
You may borrow to-day and also to-mor-
row,

Going on step by step from borrow to bor-
row,

But one thing is certain, you should not
forget,

You never can borrow yourself out of
debt.

DEBTS AND GRUMBLERS.
Don't stand in your tracks doing nothing
but grumble,

But start for a run if you meet with a
tumble;

You had better be scolded by rube in the
dust,

Than to be idly idleness eaten by rust.

SLANDER.
For making a slander, the fact will appear
That two things are needed—a tongue and
an ear;

The absence of one against slander se-
cures—

Whoever finds tongue, let the ear be not
yours.

THE INWARD MONITOR.
A man in his judgment may be blinded by
The path of duty unable to see;

But there is an inward monitor near,
Whose whispers rise from the heart to the
ear.

And if that monitor he will obey,
From the path of right he'll not go astray.

IDLENESS.
Ah, well may the slothful, in idleness falter;
If aimless and worthless, with naught to
pursue—

The path to the prison, the steps to the
halter.

The key to the work-house is 'nothing to
do.'

ENVY.
Some men are envious because of their
wealth,

Who envy others because of their health;
And whether it be in palace or cot,
One will ever sigh for another's lot.

And the blessings of life be unenjoyed,
While envy is keeping the mind employed.

NO MAN SHOULD CARRY HIS HEAD SO HIGH
THAT HE CANNOT DOWNWARD CAST HIS EYE;
FOR SOME MIST-STEP HE MAY CHANCE TO MAKE,
AND THE HAUGHTY HEAD, IN FALLING, BREAK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LAST VICTIM OF THE GAUNTLET.

An imperial rescript, bearing the date of
the 20th of August, 1854, and the signature
of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria,
has abolished forever, within the
realms of the whole Austrian Empire, that
terrible chastisement, running the gauntlet.
Terrible it was indeed; a cruel and barbarous
remnant of those dark and dismal times
called the middle ages. It witnessed the
last execution of this kind, and record it
for the benefit of those who still cling with
a strange fondness even to the worst legacies
of bygone centuries.

On an autumn morning, in the year 1851,
the garrison of the fortress of Theresienstadt
on the river Elbe, in Bohemia, was formed
in a large square on the spacious place be-
fore the residence of the commandant. In
the middle of the square, drawn up in a file,
stood a company of a Rifle Battalion, to
which the delinquent belonged. It was un-
armed, each private (there were three hun-
dred) being provided with a switch, and
placed at a small distance from the next
man. At the tenth stroke of the clock the
drums were beaten, and amidst a silence
deep and oppressive, the prisoner was
marched into the square.

He was a fine looking man, and ever I
have set eyes upon; tall, powerful and well-
formed. His handsome features, to which
a black moustache gave a bold and martial
expression, shone forth in the full glow and
vigor of manhood, only they were of a dead-
ly paleness.

He was a non-commissioned officer, and
during the last campaign, in Italy, in 1849,
he had distinguished himself in such a man-
ner that his superior officers had recom-
mended him for promotion. Austria is more
generous than England towards those that
shed their blood in her service, and he
would have been made a commissioned offi-
cer long since—in spite of his humble ori-
gin and his poverty—if it had not been for
a fatal impediment. This impediment was
his own passionate temper; he was a very
choleric man; harsh and brutal towards his
inferiors, morose and stubborn towards his
superiors whenever they deemed it neces-
sary to check or rebuke him. He was hated
by the men to the utmost. There was not a
private in the whole battalion that had not
vowed him revenge. He had never made an
enemy, nor did he care to have one.

Strict in the performance of his military
service—the most glib duties of which he
discharged with the utmost exactness—he
went his own way—proud, reserved, soli-
tary. Innumerable were the punishments
which he had brought upon the men; for,
however slight the offence might be, he was
sure not to pass it over in silence.

His superior officers respected him for his
usefulness, his ability, and his exactitude;
but they did not like him. The evident

lack of humanity in the man, made him an
object of doubt rather than of love. More-
over there was a vague rumor about his
having once struck at his own officer in the
midst of a pell-mell, caused by a hand-to-
hand encounter with the enemy. The report
never took a clear shape, the officer
having been killed in the engagement, and
the gossiping of a few wounded soldiers
having been much too incoherent and con-
tradictory to lead to a formal investigation
of the matter; besides, it was at the victory
of Navarra. He had greatly distinguished
himself, and the old Field Marshal Radetzky
had—with his own hands—affixed the
golden medal on his breast. The rumor,
however, together with the knowledge of
his harsh and violent temper, caused his
name to be erased from the list of those that
were recommended for higher promotion.

When this incident was made known to
him, he became even more sullen, more ri-
gid, more cruel than ever; but always—as
it was well understood—for the benefit of
the service; the slightest demands of which
he performed with the same immutable
strictness as he enforced them to be done
by others.

A few weeks previous to the dreadful
punishment which he had now to undergo,
he was mounting guard in the outworks
with some twenty or twenty-five men of his
own company. It was a chilly, rainy night;
and, when the sentries were relieved, they
were glad to stretch themselves—wet as
they were—upon the floor near the large
store in the middle of the guard-room.

The floor was not being very clean (rooms
seldom are in these localities), and the white
uniforms of the men being wet, it was no
wonder that the dirt adhered to them with
a tenacity that defied all exertions to get it
off, when the wearers were routed by this
sergeant to prepare for standing guard once
more. The more they tried to rub their
clothes clean, the more stupidly he lent a
helping hand to their endeavors by an ap-
plication of the sad equipment of every
Austrian non-commissioned officer—the
stick. Whilst he was fully at work, cutting
away at the men with a powerful arm, the
door opened, and the officer on duty entered
the guard-room.

"Attention!" commanded the sergeant;
and, saluting his superior, made the usual
report that nothing worth remark had hap-
pened. The officer, a young ensign, fresh
from the military school, and almost a boy,
took no notice whatever of this important
news, but asked the sergeant in a brisk and
somewhat impetuous manner: "What he
was again striking the men for?"

The sergeant, already much annoyed at
this interference, gave a surly and unwilling
answer, and when the young officer
rebuked him, in a severe and perhaps some-
what angry manner, the violent and pas-
sionate man, losing all self-control, lifted
up his hand against his officer.

It was but one fatal moment, quick as
lightning. The uplifted hand never de-
scended; it was caught by a dozen power-
ful arms. He was felled to the ground and
disarmed. Half an hour afterwards he found
himself in irons in the casemates.

Lifting the arm against a superior is con-
sidered a capital crime. In this case it had
been committed whilst both parties were on
duty, and the Austrian military laws are
the very last in the world to be trifled with.
The following day he was tried by court-
martial, and sentenced to be shot. When
the sentence was forwarded to the competent
authority for ratification, it happened to be
the anniversary day; capital punish-
ment was commuted—the criminal had to
run the gauntlet.

A cruel act of grace was this commutation.
If the first sentence had been read over to
him, he had remained cold, impassable;
he did not fear death; he had looked it in
the face many a time without flinching, and
to die in the open air, pierced by a dozen
balls—a soldier's death—what should he
care much for that? But when he was in-
formed that he had to run the gauntlet twice
through his company, after having been pre-
viously degraded, he trembled for the first
time in his life. He knew of many a soldier
who had run the gauntlet thrice through a
whole battalion, and not even the worse for it
after all; he knew of some that had even mar-
ried afterwards, and brought up families of
children; he was fully aware that the issue
of this terrible torture depended entirely upon
the disposition of the men. Dreadful reflection!
Above all, he thought of the shame, the dis-
honor—and his proud heart was well nigh
giving way.

On the evening previous to the punish-
ment, the Second Rifle Battalion of Kher-
enbiller Infantry would have been unfit for
service; the men were drunk. They had
got up a carousal in joy and honor of the
coming day. But in the morning they were
sober enough. The drums ceased to beat
as soon as the prisoner had arrived in the
middle of the square; his escort fell back.
He stood alone near the right wing of the
company. There was a dead silence; not a
respiration was to be heard from all the
thousands gathered on the spot. The com-
manding officer read the sentence over to
him for the second time. This done, he ex-
hortated the men, according to custom, to
dispense with all feelings of compassion,
and to do their duty conformably to the law.
The colonel went through this part of the
formality in a quick and hurried manner,
as if he were unwilling to perform it. So
he was; he knew but too well that, in this
instance, there was no need whatever for
exhortation. These preliminaries being
over, the prisoner was delivered into the
hands of the provost.

When the latter tore off from his uniform
the golden lace and galleons—the marks of
his military rank—throwing them, together
with the gold medal, at his feet, the face of
the unfortunate man became purple, and his
dark eyes flashed fire. When he was strip-
ped of his coat and shirt, and placed at the
entry of the terrible street through which
he had to pass, he became pale again. Two
soldiers went ahead of him; they marched
backward, with their bayonets presented to

his breast, so as to force him to keep mea-
sure to a drum which brought up the rear.
The drum was muffled; its slow and small
beats sounded like the music of a funeral
procession.

When he received the first stroke, his
features assumed an expression of pain, and
his firm-set lips quivered slightly. This was,
however, the only sign of sensation. Cross-
ing his arms over his breast and pressing
his teeth close together, his proud face
remained henceforth immovable. His mer-
ciless enemies enjoyed but an incomplete
triumph after all; they might slash his body
in pieces, but his proud, indomitable spirit
they could not break. The blows descended
with a fearful violence upon him. After the
first dozen blows came; but never did he
utter one single exclamation of pain; never—
not even with a look—did he im-
plore for mercy. An expression of scorn
and disdain was deeply set on his face,
which was as pale as death. When he had
reached, at last, the left wing of the com-
pany, his lacerated back presented a frightful
appearance. Even his most ac-
cused enemies might well have been
satisfied now; if it had but been possible,
the commanding officer himself would have
interceded in his behalf; but this was not
even to be thought of; the law must have
its course. They faced him right about;
he had to make the same way back again.

There was one formality connected with
this punishment which was a cruel, barbarous
and shameful mockery—the delinquent had
to thank his executioners for his tortures.
When the victim had arrived at the file-
leader of the right wing of his company, and
the dreadful execution was over at last, he
threw one last, long look, full of con-
tempt, at his tormentors. Then he was
seen staggering like a drunken man, to-
wards the commanding officer. His eyes,
swollen with blood, beamed with an un-
natural brightness, his respiration was short
and painful; touching his head with his
right hand, in token of the military salute,
he said in a voice that came out of his throat
with a rattling sound, but that was never-
theless distinctly audible over the place,
"I have to thank your honor for this ex-
quisite punishment," and fell down dead.

Travels of Europe.

THE PRIZE FIGHT—MORRISSEY VICTORIOUS—SHOCKING BRUTALITY.

BUFFALO, Oct. 20.—The brutal fight
between Heenan and Morrissey took place
this afternoon, at Long Point, Canada.
It commenced at 20 minutes to 4 o'clock.
Heenan made objection to the ground,
saying that it was not according to the
agreement, but as so many had come to
see the fight, he would waive his objections
and fight. The first round lasted seven
minutes, and the fighting was terrible.
Heenan throwing Morrissey and drawing
the first blood. On the second round
Morrissey was again thrown, and on the
third round Heenan was thrown. On the
fourth round both men came up, looking
weak and Morrissey was knocked square
down by a blow on the under jaw from
Heenan's right. On the fifth, sixth, sev-
enth and eighth rounds Heenan was
thrown. On the ninth round both men
fought wildly, and fell side by side. On
the tenth round Morrissey was very weak,
and was carried to the scratch, but Heenan
was alone. This was a terrible round.
Heenan fell fainting. On the twelfth
round Morrissey was carried to the scratch
but Heenan was too faint to come to time,
when the battle was declared won by Nor-
rissey. Eleven rounds were fought in
twenty-two minutes. Both Heenan and
Morrissey were very badly cut, and had to
be brought away on beds. The fight was
witnessed by about 3,000 persons. There
was no disturbance.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—A lady re-
siding in this city, whose only daughter has
been residing in New Orleans for several
years past, had a most singular dream re-
specting her a few weeks since, which, to-
gether with the events that have occurred
subsequently, renders it one of the most
remarkable cases of prophetic dreaming to
be found on record. Feeling indisposed,
she retired early on the evening alluded to,
and was immediately overcome by a half-
awake slumber. While in this condition, her
sister daughter apparently appeared at her
bed-side, attired in a yellow satin dress,
with gloves and garters of the same color,
and with her head adorned with a wreath
of roses. After remaining a few moments,
she slowly raised one hand and pointed up-
wards, and vanished. A few moments after
the lady awoke, and calling one of her rela-
tives, who occupied an adjoining apartment,
related her singular vision, and during the
next day it was recounted by her to several
of her friends. On yesterday, she received
intelligence from New Orleans, that her
daughter had died, on the 25th of Septem-
ber, with yellow fever, and comparing the
date with a memorandum which she had
made, found that her daughter's death oc-
curred upon the same day that she had ex-
perienced the remarkable vision.—Peters-
burg Press.

"Cesar," said a planter to his negro,
"climb up that tree and thin out the
branches." The negro showed no disposition
to comply, and upon being pressed for a
reason, answered: "Well, look heah,
massa, if I go up dar, an' fall down dar,
broke my neck, dat'll be a thousand dollars
out o' your pocket. Now, why don't massa
hire an Irishman to go up, and den if he
falls and kills heself dar won't be no
loss to nobody."

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.—Some musical
teacher once wrote that the art of playing
the violin required the keenest perception
and the most delicate sensibility of any
art in the known world. Some country
editor in commenting on the same, says:
"The art of publishing a country newspa-
per and making it pay, beats the art of
fiddling higher than a kite."

THE ALARM; OR, THE INDIAN AND HIS VENISON.

"Twas a cold stormy night in the fall of
1813, and Miner Spicer and his wife had
drawn their seats in front of the blazing
fire which roared in the large open fire
place of their cabin, and were talking of
absent friends. Together with his brother,
Mr. Amos Spicer, had he removed from
New London, Conn., to the neighborhood
of Akron, Ohio, in 1811, and erected his
log cabin in the midst of the forest, which
was fast being thinned out before the
strong arm of the new settler, and giving
place to green fields and pastured lands.

The hoarse moaning of the wind, as it
sighed through the boughs of the trees,
and the heavy pattering of the rain on the
roof, served to lighten the comfort and in-
crease the enjoyment of their chimney
corner; and it is not to be wondered at,
when we consider the subject of conversa-
tion, that they should sit long after the
usual period of retiring in cosy chat, nor
dreamed of the passing hours. A sudden
stop to their colloquy was caused by the
sound of a horse's hoofs approaching the
door, in a moment after about from with-
out intimated that some one desired to at-
tract the attention of the inmates of the
house. Mr. Spicer arose, opened the door,
and passed out into the night. He could
recognize the outline of a man on horse-
back, but the darkness, which shrouded all
objects in gloom, prevented him from dis-
tinguishing the features or anything where-
by he might guess at the character of his
visitor. To his question of "Who's there?"
a volley of sounds was uttered by the
stranger—as unintelligible to Spicer as so
much Greek or Arabic. He was some-
what angered at such an attempt to an-
swer his simple question, and told the other
that he must speak English, or he would
unhorse him. By this time his eyes had
become accustomed to the darkness, and
he was able to make out the stranger to be
an Indian, mounted on a small sized,
rough and wiry looking pony, which, be-
sides his master, bore on his back the car-
cass of a deer. By signs, and a few words
of English, the Indian was enabled to
make Spicer understand that he wanted to
stay all night with him. To this request
a very reluctant assent was given, for an
Indian warrior was not, at that period, the
most pleasing and harmless guest a man
could have in his house, and Spicer was
not the warmest friend to the red man of
the forest. However, the request had
been made, and he would not even turn an
enemy from his door on such a night; so
he was bid to dismount and enter, while
his horse was led to a large pig-sty near,
which was the only enclosure of a stable
about the premises. The carcass of the
deer was carried into the house, together
with two rifles which the Indian bore.

Spicer did not like the looks of his guest
when the full blaze of the fire lit up his
person, and the fact of his being so well
armed—besides his rifles he carried in
his belt a tomahawk and scalping knife—
aroused his suspicion of the object of his
visit. The Indian probably noticed his
face, and rid himself of his weapons,
which he placed in the corner with his
rifles. Re-assured by this act, Spicer
threw off somewhat of his reserve, and
asked the other if he wanted any supper.
Without replying in words, the Indian
took his knife, and, going to the carcass of
the deer, cut off two steaks, which he
handed to Mrs. Spicer, who understood
well enough what was expected of her. She
accordingly put them over the fire to
broil, and meantime laid the table with
such other eatables as the cabin afforded.

When the meat was sufficiently cooked, as
she thought, it was taken from the fire,
and thoroughly seasoned with salt and
pepper, after the white man's method of
cooking. The Indian, who had sat in si-
lence during the preparation of the meal,
was called to eat, and drew up his chair
for that purpose. But both Spicer and
his wife noticed that he ate but a mouthful
or two of the meat, with which, for some
reason which they could not divine, he
seemed disgusted. Nothing was said by
either party; and the table was cleared, as
it had been spread, in silence. A skin was
laid upon the floor in front of the fire for
the Indian to sleep upon, and Spicer and
his wife retired to bed in a room which ad-
joined the main apartment, and which
from the position of their couch gave them
a full view of the other room, together with
the Indian, his arms, &c. The carcass of
the deer had been laid by the side of the
dresser, which was next to the door be-
tween the two apartments, so that a person
in passing from one to the other would al-
most step over it. Before going to bed,
Spicer had taken care to see that his rifle
was in good order, and placed at the head
of his bed, where he could reach it with
ease should necessity require its use.

His suspicion of his guest had not been en-
tirely allayed, and although he was care-
ful to avoid showing them, yet he thought
best to prepare for any emergency. And
parties laid them down to repose, and soon
nothing but the rain and the wind broke
the silence of the night.

An hour had passed—it might have been
longer, for he could only guess at the
time—and Spicer found himself suddenly
wide awake, and all his faculties on the
stretch. What had awakened him he could
not tell, but his glance was directed at his
guest, and although the fire had burned
low, and only threw a faint light on his
objects in the other apartment, yet he saw
that he had a sitting posture, leaning on
one hand, and intently gazing into the
room where he slept. Quietly nudging
his wife, he found that she too was awake,
and watching the movements of the In-
dian. Slowly and cautiously the latter
raised himself to his feet, and apparently
satisfied that his host was sound asleep, he
approached the corner where his rifles,
tomahawk and knife had been placed.

Here he began paused and looked stealthily
over his shoulder to see if all was quiet.

The feelings of Spicer and his wife may
perhaps be imagined, but they cannot be
described. Satisfied of the intentions of
his guest, he was about to reach for his rifle,
but thought he would wait the further de-
velopment of his intentions. The slightest
movement, even a change in their breath-
ing, he knew would alarm the warrior, and
he lay therefore perfectly quiescent, but
prepared to act when the time came for
action. He saw the Indian stop, pick up
his knife, draw it from the sheath and feel
its edge, and in a moment more he was
approaching the door to his apartment with
a noiseless and cat-like tread. Quick as
thought, Spicer's plan was arranged—and
that was the moment the Indian crossed
the threshold, to spring up and seize his
rifle, and, as the other was only armed
with his knife, he could shoot him before
he could either strike a blow or reach his
other arms. Another step would bring the
enemy to the prescribed limit, and every
nerve was stretched preparatory for a
spring, when to his surprise, he saw him
kneel, and after looking to see if all was
still, cut a steak weighing about two
pounds from the deer's haunch, and return
with it to the fire. Here he raked togeth-
er the coals, upon which he laid the meat
until it was cooked to his satisfaction, when
he devoured it with much apparent relish,
and then laid himself down to sleep. It
seems that Mrs. Spicer's method of cook-
ing venison was not to his liking, and he
had preferred to curb his appetite until he
could cook it to suit his own taste. High
seasoned food is as distasteful to an Indian
as the same food raw would be to a white
man. In the morning, after presenting
Spicer with a haunch of his venison, the
Indian explained his visit by saying, as
well as he could by signs and broken Eng-
lish, that himself and father had lost them-
selves in the woods, and after covering his
parent with his blanket, and hiding him in
a hollow log, he had wandered in search of
a shelter for himself, until he saw the
light in Spicer's cabin.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.—Judge O'Neal,
in the Yorkville Enquirer, tells the follow-
ing of Judge Wm. Smith, of South Caro-
lina: "He had the rare blessing to win the
love of one of the purest, mildest, and best
women, whose character has ever been pre-
sented to the writer. She married Margaret
Duff. In his worst days she never upbraid-
ed him by word, look or gesture; but al-
ways met him as if he was one of the kindest
and best of husbands. This course on her
part humbled him, and made him weep
like a child. This sentence, it is hoped,
will be remembered, was the language of
Judge Smith to the friend already named,
and to those who knew the stern, unbending
public character of the Judge, it will teach
a lesson of how much a patient woman's
love can accomplish. He was at last re-
formed by an instance of her patient love
and devotion, as he himself told it:

"The evening before the Return Day of
the Court of Common Pleas for York Dis-
trict, a client called with fifty notes to be
put in suit. Mr. Smith was not in his of-
fice—he was on what is now fashionably
called a spree—then a frolic. Mrs. Smith
received the notes, and sat down in the
office to the work of issuing the writs and
processes. She spent the night at work—
Mr. Smith 'in riotous living.' At daylight,
on his way home from his carousals, he saw
a light in his office, and stepped in, and to
his great surprise saw his amiable wife, who
had just completed what ought to have been
his work, with her head on the table and
asleep. His entry awoke her. She told
him what she had done, and showed him
her night's work—fifty writs and processes.
This bowed the strong man—he fell on
his knees, implored her pardon, and then
there faithfully promised her never to
drink another drop while he lived." This
promise, says my friend, Col. Williams,
"he faithfully kept," and said the Judge to
him, "from that day everything which I
touch turned to gold." His entire suc-
cess in law, says Col. Williams, "he set
down to his faithful observance of this no-
ble promise."

"No better eulogy could be pronounced
on Mrs. Smith than has just been given in
the words of her distinguished husband.
The reformation of such a man as William
Smith is a chapter of glory which few wo-
men have been permitted to wear. To the
people of South Carolina, and especially of
York District, certainly no stronger argu-
ment in favor of temperance, total abstin-
ence, need be given."

THE BLESSED HOME.
Home! To see home is the wish of the
seaman on stormy seas and lonely watch.
Home is the wish of the soldier, and ten-
der visions mingle with the troubled
dreams of trench and tented field. Where
the palm tree waves its graceful plumes,
and birds of jeweled lustre flush and flick-
er among gorgeous flowers, the exile sits
staring upon vacancy, a far away home
lies on his heart; and borne on the wings
of fancy over intervening seas and lands,
he has swept away home, and hears the
lark singing above his father's fields, and
sees his fair-haired boy brother, with
light foot and childhood's glees, chasing
the butterfly by his native stream. And
in his best hours, home, his own gloom-
less home, a home with his Father above that
starry sky, will be the wish of every
Christian man. He looks around—the
world is full of suffering; he is distressed
by its sorrows and vexed with its sins.
He looks within him—he finds much in
his own corruption to grieve for. In the
language of a heart repelled, grieved, vex-
ed, he often

NEW YORK MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY...
SAWYER & WHEBBEE,
 COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
 100 Wall Street,
 New York, Oct. 27, 1858.

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